



**JESS.**By H. RIDER HAGGARD,  
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## CHAPTER VIII.

JESS GOES TO PERTORIA.

That day, at dinner, Jess suddenly announced that she was going on the morrow to Pretoria to see June Neville.

"To see June Neville?" said Bessie, opening her blue eyes wide. "Why, it was only last month you said that you did not care about June Neville now, because she had grown so vulgar! Don't you remember when she stopped her on her way down to Natal last year, and held up her fat hands, and said: 'Ah, Jess—Jess is a gem! It is a privilege to know her!' And then she wanted you to quote Shakespeare to that lump of a brother of hers, and you told her that if she did not hold her tongue she would not enjoy the privilege much longer. And now you want to go and stop with her for two months! Well, Jess, you are odd. And, what's more, I think it is very unkind of you to go away for so long!"

To all of which prattle Jess said nothing, but merely reiterated her determination to go.

John, too, was abashed and, to tell the truth, not a little disgusted. Since the previous day, when he had that talk with her in Lou Kloof, Jess had assumed a clearer and more definite interest in his eyes. Before that she had been an enigma; now he had guessed enough about her to make him anxious to know more. Indeed, he had not perhaps realized how strong and definite his interest was till he heard that she was going away for a long period. Suddenly it struck him that the farm would be very dull without that interesting woman moving about the place in her silent, restful kind of way. Bessie was, no doubt, delighted and charmed to look at her, but she had not got her sister's heart and originality; and John Niel was sufficiently above the ordinary run to thoroughly appreciate intellect and originality in a woman, instead of stumbling agast at it. She interested him intensely, to say the least of it, and, unlike, he felt exceedingly put out, and even sulky, at the idea of her departure. Heled by her in remonstrance, and even in half-waysness begot of his irritation, he sat down the vinegar-crust and made a mess upon the table; but she evaded his eyes

and took an notice of the vinegar. Then, feeling that he had done all that in him lay, he went to see about the ostriches; first of all, hanging about a little to see if Jess would come out, which she did not. Indeed, he saw nothing more of her till supper time. Bessie told him that she still was busy packing, but, as one can only take twenty pounds' weight of luggage in a post cart, this did not quite convince him that it was in fact.

At supper she was, if possible, even more quiet than she had been at dinner. After it was over he asked her to sing, but she declined, saying that she had given up singing for the present, and persisting in her statement in spite of the chorus of remonstrance it aroused. The birds only sing while they are mating; and it is, by the way, a curious thing, and suggestive of the theory that the same great principles pervade all nature, that Jess, now that her trouble had overtaken her, and that she had lost her love which had suddenly sprung from her heart—full grown and dead in power—as Athena sprung from the head of Jove—had no further inclination to use her divine gift of song. It probably was nothing more than a coincidence, but it was curious one.

The arrangement was that on the morrow Jess was to be driven in the Cape cart to Marlianus-Wessel-stroom, more commonly called Wakkerstroom, and there catch the post cart, which was timed to leave the town at midday, though when it would leave was quite another matter. Post carts are not particular in day so in the Transvaal.

Old Solas Craft was going to drive her with Bessie, who had some shopping to do in Wakkerstroom, as ladies sometimes have; but at the last moment the old man got a premonitory twinge of the rheumatism, to which he was a martyr, and could not go, so, of course, John volunteered, and, though Jess raised some difficulties, Bessie furthered the idea, and in the end his offer was accepted.

Accordingly at 8:30 on a beautiful morning up came the tented cart, with its two massive wheels, stout stocky dishevelled, and four spirited young horses; to the lead of which the Hottentot Janje, assisted by the Zulu Moat, clad in the sweet simplicity of a moccasin, a few feathers in his pool, and a horned snuff box stuck through the fleshly pool of the ear, hung grimly on. In they go—John first, then Bessie next to him, then Jess. Next Janje scurried up behind; and after some preliminary barking and plunging and showing a disposition to twine themselves affectionately round the orange trees, off went the horses at a hand gallop, and away swam the cart after them, in a fashion that would have frightened anybody not accustomed to that mode of progression pretty well out of his wits. As it was, John had much as he could do to keep the four horses together and to prevent them from bolting, and this alone, to say nothing of the rattling and jolting of the vehicle over the uneven track was sufficient to put a stop to any attempt at conversation.

Wakkerstroom was about eighteen miles from Moelfontein, a distance that they covered well within the two hours. Here the horses were outspanned at the hotel, at John went into the house whence the post cart was to start and booked Jess' seat, and then joined the ladies at the "Kantoor" or store where they were shopping. After the shopping was done they went back to the inn together and had some dinner; by which time the Hottentot driver of the cart began to tune up loyally, but unmelodiously, on a bugle to inform intending passengers that it was time to start. Bessie was out of the room at the moment, and, with the exception of a peculiarly dirty looking cook waiter, there was nobody about.

"How long are you going to be away, Miss Jess?" asked John.

"Two months, more or less, Capt. Niel."

"I am very sorry that you are going," he said, earnestly. "It will be very dull at the farm without you."

"There will be Bessie for you to talk to," she answered, turning her face to the window and affecting to watch the passing of the post cart in the yard on which it looked.

"Capt. Niel," she said, suddenly.

"Yes?"

"Mind you look after Bessie while I am away. Listen, I am going to tell you something. You know Frank Muller?"

"Yes, I know him, and a very disagreeable fellow he is."

"Well, he threatened Bessie the other day, and he is a man who is quite capable of carrying out a threat. I can't tell you anything more about it, but I want you to promise me to protect Bessie if any occasion for it should arise. I do not know that it will, but it might. Will you promise?"

"Of course I will; I would do a great deal more than that if you asked me to, Jess," he answered, tenderly, for now that she was going away he felt curiously drawn toward her, and was anxious to show it.

"Never mind me," she said, with an impudent little movement. "Bessie is sweet enough and lovely enough to be looked after for her own sake. I should think."

Before he could say any more in came Bessie herself, saying that the driver was waiting, and they went out to see her sister off. "Don't forget your promise," Jess whispered to him, and down as he helped her into the cart she said that her lips almost touched his as she bent over him for a second.

## CHAPTER IX.

JANJE'S STORY.

In another moment the sisters had embraced each other, tenderly enough; the driver had soundly once more on his full gallop, bearing with Jess, two other passengers and her maid's maid. John and Bessie stood for a moment watching his mad career as it went splashing and leaping down the straggling street toward the wild plains beyond, and then turned to enter the farm again and prepare for their homeward drive. As they did so, an old Boer, named Hans Coetze, with whom John was already slightly acquainted, came up, and, extending an enormous big hand, bellowed, "Good evening!" Hans Coetze was a very favorable specimen of the better sort of Boer, and really came more or less up to the ideal picture that is so often drawn of "simple pastoral people." He was a very large, stout man, with a fine open face and a pair of kindly eyes. John, looking at him, guessed that he could not weigh less than seventeen stone, and he was well within the mark at that.

"How are you, captain?" he said in English, for he could talk English well, "and how do you like the Transvaal?—just not call it South African Republic now, you know, for that's treason," no! this eyes twinkled merrily.

"Like it very much, indeed," said John.

"Ah, yes, that's a beautiful veldt, especially here—in our house, no, 'no blue tongue'! and a good strong grass for the cattle. And you must find yourself very snug at Our [Oracle] Castle there; it's the nicest place in the district, with the ostriches and all. Not that I hold with ostriches in this veldt; they are well enough in the Old Colony, but they won't breed here—at least, not as they should do. I tried them once and I know, oh, yes, I know."

"Yes, it is a very fine country, indeed. I have been all over the world almost, and I never saw a finer."

"You don't say so, now! Almighty, what a thing it is to have travelled! Not that I should like to travel myself. I think that the Lord meant us to stop in the place he has made for us. But it is a fine country, and dropping his voice, I think it is a finer country than it used to be."

"You mean that the veldt has got 'tame,' indeed."

"No, no, I mean that the land is English now," he answered, mysteriously, "and though I dare not say so among my folk, I hope that it will keep English. When I was Republican, I was Republican, and it was good in some ways, the republic. There was so little to pay in taxes, and we knew how to manage the black veldt; but now I am English, I am English. I know that the English government means good money and safety, and if there isn't a raid [assembly] now, well, what does it matter? Almighty, how they used to talk there!—clack, clack, clack! Just like my old black horse (species of bushbuck) of snuff. And where did they run the wages of the republic to—Burgers and those d—d Hollander of Jills, and the rest of them? Why, here the veldt—into a shirt with plenty banknotes; and there it would have stopped till now, or till the flood came down and swept it away; if old Shepstone—ah! what a tongue that man has, and how fond he is of the kindredness!—little children!—had not come and pulled it out again. But look here, captain, the veldt round here don't think like that. It's the 'verdurous British government' here and the 'verdurous British government' there, and 'byvankars' (meetings) here and 'byvankars' there. Silly veldt, they all run on after the other like sleep. But there it is, captain, and I tell you there will be fighting before long, and then our men will shoot these poor rooibokkies (red jackets) of yours like buck and take the land back. Poor things! I could weep when I think of it."

John smiled at this melancholy prognostication, and was about to explain what a poor show the Boers in the Transvaal would make in front of a few British regiments when he was astonished by a sudden change in his friend's manner. Dropping his enormous paw on to his shoulder, Coetze broke into a laugh of somewhat forced merriment, the cause of which was, though John did not guess it at the moment, that he had just received Frank Muller, who was in Wakkerstroom with a wagon load of corn to grind at the mill, standing within five yards, and apparently intensely interested in slipping at the flora with a cowrie made of the tail of a veldbuckete, but in reality listening to Coetze's talk with all his ears.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed, said out Coetze to the astonished John, "no wonder you like Moelfontein—there are other模 (pretty) things there besides the water. How often do you sleep up at night with Uncle Craft's pretty girl, eh? Frank! I hope you ain't jealous, 'f' all. My wifes told me some time ago that you were sweet in that direction yourself," and he stopped at last, out of breath, and looked anxiously toward Muller for an answer, while John, who had been somewhat overwhelmed at this flow of incendiary chaff, gave a sigh of relief. As for Muller he behaved in a cautious manner. Instead of laughing, as the jolly old Boer had intended that he should, he had, although Coetze could not see it, been turning blacker and blacker; and now that the flow of language ceased he, with a savage ejaculation, which John could not catch, but which he appeared to throw at his (John's) head, turned on his heel and went off toward the courtyard of the inn.

"Almighty!" said old Hans, wiping his face with a red cotton pocket handkerchief; "I have put my foot into a big hole. That stink eat Muller heard all that I was saying to you, and I tell you he will save it up and save it up, and one day he will bring it all out to the veldt and call me a traitor to the land and ruin me. I know him. He knows how to balance a long stick on his little finger so that the ends keep even. Oh, yes, he can ride two horses at once, and blow hot and blow cold. He is a devil of a man, a devil of a man! And what did he mean by swearing at you like that? Is it about the missis (girl), I wonder? Almighty who can say! Ah! that reminds me—though I'm sure I don't know why it should—the Kaffirs tell me that there is a big herd of buck—veldbuckete and blots—on my outlying place about an hour and a half (ten miles) from Moelfontein. Can you hold a rifle, captain? You look like a bit of a bantam."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said John, delighted at the prospect of some shooting.

"Ab, I thought so. All you English are sportsmen, though you don't know how to kill buck. Well, now, you take Old Craft's light Scotch cart and two good horses, and come over to my place—not to-morrow, for my wife's cousin is coming to see us, and an old cat she is, but rich; she has £1,000 in gold in the wagon box under her bed—but the next day, for it is the Lord's day, and one can't shoot creatures on the Lord's day—but Monday, yes, you shall see how to kill veldbuckete. Almighty! how what can he be like!"

"He is the devil of a man, a devil of a man!" he said, and a bad one. No, but what you were right to stand up for the Hottentot. I would have done as much myself had I been there and ten times younger, but Frank Muller is not the man to forgive it, nor put upon his back a lot of Kaffirs and white folks. Perhaps that Janje is older by now.

This conversation took place upon the following morning, as they sat upon the veranda after breakfast. "I will go and call him, and we will hear what this story is about his master and his mother."

"He off with you and get the horses in spanned; you are half drunk," he grunted, and, having seen the operation advancing to a conclusion, he went to the sitting room of the hotel, where Bessie was waiting in happy ignorance of the disturbance. It was not till they were well on their homeward way that he told her what had passed, whereat, remembering the scenes she had herself gone through with Frank Muller, and the threats that he had then made use of, she looked very grave.

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row in active progress—at least, from the crowd of Kaffirs and blatters and the angry sounds of voices that proceeded from them. He judged that it was a row. Nor was he wrong in this. In the corner of the yard, close by the stable door, surrounded by the foremost crowd, stood Frank Muller, a heavy-jawed man with his hands clasped behind his head, looking like the net to strike. Before him, a very picture of displeasure, his lips drawn up like a scimitar, did he stand that the two lines of his white teeth gleamed like polished ivory in the sun. His small eyes shone with blood, and his lower lip quivered convulsively, was the Hottentot Janje. Nor was this all. Across his face was a blue wheel where the whip had fallen, and in his hand a heavy battle-axe which he always carried.

"Hello! what is this?" said John, shuddering along his way through the crowd.

"The swarthy (black) centaur has stolen my house's fence and given it to yours!" shouted Muller, who was evidently almost off his head with anger, making an attempt to lunge at Janje with his axe.

"Be careful, sir, with that snap!" said John to Muller, restraining his temper with difficulty.

"Now, how do you know that the man stole your house's fence, and what business have you to touch my?" said John.

"There was nothing you should have reported to me."

"You yellow devil! You black-skinned, black-hearted, lying son of Satan!" roared the great Boer, his very beard curling with fury.

"Is that the way you talk to your masters? Out of my way, you rascal!" said John to Muller, who shot his tongue out of his mouth. "I'll cut off your tongue if I can tell you how we dealt with a yellow bar," and without further trouble or effort he cut off Muller's advancing chest. John was a very powerfully made man, though not a very large one, and the push sent Muller staggering back.

"What do you mean by that, rascal?" said Muller, his face livid with fury.

"Get out of my road or I will mark that pretty face of yours. I have some goods to pay you for as it is, Englishman, and I always pay my debts. Out of the path, curse you!" and he again rushed for the Hottentot.

This John, who was now almost as angry as his assailant, did not wait for him to reach him, but springing forward, hooked his arm around Muller's throat, and before he could close with him with one tremendous jerk managed not only to stop his wild career, but to reverse the motion, and then, by interposing his foot with considerable neatness, to bind him powerful man as he was, on his back in a pool of drainage that had collected from the stable in the hollow of the inn yard. Down he went with a splash and amidst a



DOWN HE WENT WITH A SPLASH.

short of delirious from the crowd, who always like to see an aggressor laid low, his head bumping with considerable force against the hinge of the door. For a moment he lay still, and John was afraid that the man was really hurt. Presently, however, he rose, and without attempting any further fresh demonstration or saying a single word, bounded off toward the house, leaving his enemy to complete his rattled nerves as best he could. Now, John, like most gentlemen, faced a row with all his heart, though he had the Anglo-Saxon tendency to go through it, unflinchingly when once it began. Indeed, the whole thing irritated him beyond bearing, for he knew that the story would, with additions, go the round of the country side, and, what is more, that he himself would be held responsible.

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mother. Was that a lie, or what did you mean by saying it?

"It was in B. Isom's," said the Hottentot, "especially if he's still in office, and I will say it again. Listen, boys, and I will tell you the story. When I was young, so high"—and he held his hand high enough to indicate a height of 11 years of age—"that is, my father, my mother, my uncle, a very old man, older than the hills," pointing to Silas Croft. "Were bishives (unauthorized squat) tered on place belonging to old Uncle Muller, Baas Frank's father, down in Lydia-bug-yonder. It was bushy-bush farm, and old Jacob used to own it with his cattle from the High-veld in the winter when there was no grass in the High-veld, and with him came the Englishwoman, his wife, and the young Baas Frank—the two we saw yesterday."

"How long ago was all this?" asked Mr. Croft.

He pointed on his fingers for some seconds, and then said it was 11 years, and offered it. It must be 11 years, I suppose," he said. "Twenty years last winter, Baas Frank was young then; he had only a thin skin upon his skin. One year, when the oxen went away, into the hills, took the left six oxen that were too cowardly to go with my father, and told Uncle Muller that, although they were his children, the oxen were beautiful. Thereupon, he took the hounds, and said, 'I don't care if a single bull-kid is killed, one, and one not big,' and did just so. So when Old Jacob came back the next year, all the oxen were gone. He was very angry with my father, and beat him with yokes-sticks till he was all black, and though we showed him the bones of the oxen, he said that we had stolen them and sold them."

"Now, Old Jacob had a beautiful spear of black iron that he loved like children. Sixteen of them were there, and they would come to you when you called them and pull down their heads of themselves. They were tame as dogs. These oxen were tired when they came down, but in two months they got fat. I began to want to talk about insurance." At this time there was beauty, one of Baas Frank's people, resting in our hut, for she had run away from her home. When Old Jacob heard that the beauty was there, he was very angry, for he said that all beauties were his. So my father told the Baas, 'I have heard that he must go away, and he went that night. Next morning the spear of black iron were gone too. The final gate was down, and they had gone. We hunted all day, but we could not find them. Then Old Jacob got mad with rage, and the young Baas Frank told him that one of the Kudu-boys had said to him that he had heard my father sell them to the Baas for sheep which he was to pay to us in the summer. It was a lie, but Baas Frank hated my father because of something about a woman—a Zulu girl. Next morning, when we were asleep, just at daybreak, Old Jacob, Muller and Baas Frank and two Kudus came into the hut and pulled us out, the old man, my uncle, my father, my mother and myself, and led us up to four mimosa trees, with buffalo reins. Then the Kudus went away, and Old Jacob asked my father where the cattle were, and my father told him that he did not know. Then he took off his hat and said a prayer to the Big Man in the sky, and when he had done Baas Frank came up with a gun, and stood quite close and shot my father dead, and his head touching his feet. Then he loaded the gun again and shot the old man, my uncle, and he slipped down dead, and his head stuck up in the air against the rein. Next he shot my mother, but the bullet did not kill her, and cut the rein, and she ran away, and he ran after her and killed her. When that was done he came back to shoot me; but I was young then and did not know that it is better to be dead than to live like a dog, and I begged and prayed for mercy while he was loading the gun."

"But the boys only laughed, and said he would teach Hottentots how to steal cattle, and old Uncle Muller prayed out loud to the Big Man and said he was very sorry for me, but it was the dear Lord's will. And then, just as Baas Frank lifted the gun he dropped it again, for there, coming softly, softly over the brow of the hill, in and out between the bushes, were all the sixteen oxen. They had got out in the night and strayed away into some kloof for a change of pasture, and come back when they were full and tired of being more. Old Jacob turned quite white and scratched his head, and then fell upon his knees and thanked the dear Lord for saving my life; and just then, the young woman, Baas Frank's mother, came down from the wagon to see what the firing was, and when she saw all the people dead and me weeping, tied to the tree, and learned what it was about, she went quite mad, for sometimes she had a kind heart when she was not drunk, and said that a curse would fall on them, and that they would all die in blood. And she took a knife and cut me loose, though Baas Frank wanted to kill me, so that I might tell no tales and I ran away, traveling by night and hiding by day, for I was very much frightened, till I got to Natal, and there I stopped, working in Natal till I learned English, when Baas Frank's mother came to drive his cart up from me. Then I found Baas Frank looking bigger but just the same—except for his beard."

"There, boys, that is the truth, and all the truth, and that is why I hate Baas Frank, because he shot my father and mother, and why Baas Frank hates me, because he cannot forget that he did it and I saw him do it, for as one people say, one always hates a man who has wounded with a spear," and having finished his narrative, the miserable-looking little man plucked up his greyish oil-felt hat, that had a leather strap fixed round the crown, in which was stuck a couple of rough ostrich feathers, and jingled it down over his ears, and then fell to drawing circles on the soil with his long toes. His auditors only looked at one another. Such a clearly told tale it had beyond command. They never did it, but the men of Uitenhage, it is said, did it, though the men of Uitenhage, it is said, did it with a man, and, instead, two of them at any rate, had heard such stories before. Black people have who live in the wider parts of South Africa, though they are not all to be taken for gospel.

"You say," remarked old Silas, at first that the woman said that a curse would fall on them and that they would die in blood. She was right. Twenty years ago Old Jacob and his wife were murdered by a party of Mopani Kudus, down on the edge of that very Lydenburg veld. There was a great noise about it at the time. I remember, but nothing came of it. Baas Frank was not there. He was away shooting buck to be escaped and relieved of his father's farms and cattle in time to live well."

"Baas," said the Hottentot, without showing the slightest interest or surprise. "I know you would like to say I wish I had been there to see it. I seen that there was a devil in the woman, and that they would die as she said. When devils do evil in people they always speak the truth, because they can't help it."

Look, boys, I draw a circle in the sand with my foot, and I say some words, and at last the ends touch. There, that is the conclusion of our classification, wife the Englishwoman.

The ends have touched, and they say dead.

And old Silas has taught me to draw the circle of a man's life and what words to say.

And now I draw another of Baas Frank's. All there is a star sticking up in the way. The stars will not touch. But now I work and work and work with my foot, and say the words and say the words, and so the stars come up and the ends touch now.

So it is with Baas Frank. One day the stars will come up and the ends will touch, and the two will die in blood. The devil in the Englishwoman said so, and devils cannot lie or speak half the truth only. And now, look, I find

my foot over the circles and they are gone, and there is only the path again. That means that when they have died in blood they will be quite forgotten and stamped out. Even their graves will be [lost], and he wrinkled up his yellow face into a smile, or rather a grin, and nodded in a matter-of-fact way:

"Does the last wish the gray may have to leave the bundle of green forage or two?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### MOTHS IN HIVES

Bad Sign to Find Wax Cutting In the Summer or Fall.

It is a bad sign to find wax cuttings about the entrance in summer or fall, but in the spring it is no indication of worms. As soon as this trouble is found out prompt action must be taken. Worms do their work very quickly, especially in weak colonies. Worms are the worst enemies beekeepers have to contend with, especially if bees are to be kept. Indians seem to have the power to overcome them to a certain extent, but no tribe is absolutely we in proof, that I know of. Thus you pass off your investigation far enough, and inspect the proper worms, you can, I have, saved the bees and comb but not the colony. You would have had to mix them with some strong colony, and of course that would have made one less, which is much better than to lose them.

After worms once get a hold in a colony it is of no use whatever to try to doctor it within itself. In the first place, the colony is nearly always queenless or weak. The fact that you took no honey from either one that you lost is not enough that at they were weak, and perhaps queenless, or at least had a very poor queen.

When I find a colony in the spring that seems to be doing no good I am once break up the home, or give them a new one or more bees. Which I find a colony in my apiary that is infested with worms. I invariably find a weak colony, and one that is of no account whatever within itself. I always unite them with some strong colony, not fearing in the least about the worms getting the better of the strong colony, unless they are very badly infested, in which case I unite the bees and subject the combs to the fumes of burning sulphur, or immerse them in water for a few days.

If I desire increase rather than honey, and the colony is not badly infested, I first kill all the worms I can find, then give them a new queen and some bees, and watch them closely, and even then it is risky, especially if I have to buy the queen; and the probabilities are that it will not be a success after all my expense and care. A poor queen is the foundation of worms among bees. So to be successful in keeping them out of colonies, you must begin with the queens, by keeping the poor and inferior ones weeded out. Then your colonies will be strong and there will be no danger whatever so far as worms or anything else is concerned.

If you see signs of worms in your bees this summer the best and cheapest plan will be to unite them, by first killing the queen if there is one in the infested colony, and giving the bees or bees and comb both (if the comb is not badly infested) to some strong colony. If the colony is a good one and the queen all right, and you find a few worms in places in the hives where the bees can't reach them, kill what you can and let them alone, and they will be all right. I pay no attention whatever to worms under the quilt or in the crevices where the bees can't get at them, if the colony is a strong one. But if it is weak and the worms have gained a foothold in one or two combs, then look out.—E. S. Mead.

#### Chimneys Necessary.

With is the prime cause of disease and failure in the p. p. v. yard. Fly is the result of neglect. Negligent farmers dig their own graves, financially. Farmers neglect poultry more than any other live stock. Poultry are no good to vermin (which thrive) and are never profitable. Don't keep poultry at all unless you can keep them clean and healthy. Vermin propagate with wonderful rapidity. Insect powder, etc., may keep them somewhat in check, but the root of the trouble lies in the filth that is allowed to accumulate in the house, about the nests and roosting places, the litter, etc.

The cleaning should begin with a thorough scrubbing of the walls and of all woodwork with kerosene, or, better yet, with a weak solution of sulphur and soap, one pound of the acid to 20 lbs. of water, the solution being made by pouring the acid into the water, care being taken to penetrate into all fissures and corners where the vermin may find strongholds. The floor, if made of wood, should be scraped and afterward washed with hot water. In all cases the litter must be renewed, and the scrapings, old litter, etc., burned. It is advisable to make some holes in the door, digging out the soil underneath and filling in the opening a mixture of fine, dry ashes and powdered sulphur an excellent dust bath for flocks of all kinds. A dried and powdered mixture of lime and charcoal strewed on the floor of the chicken house is another good means of keeping the chickens free from insect nests. It also increases the hardness of the egg shells.—Christian Day.

#### Overfeeding.

Don't overfeed. Calves are very greedy at feeding time and there is often a great temptation to give more milk than the calves can properly digest, thus causing them to scour. Overfeeding is undoubtedly the main reason why so many farmers are unable to raise good thrifty calves on skim milk. At the college we find that calves from three to four months old will not stand more than 18 to 20 pounds daily per head; from seven to eight weeks old, 14 to 16 pounds; and from three to five weeks, 10 to 12 pounds. (One quart equals two pounds.)

Kalfie corn meal is a good meal for young calves at the Agricultural College. It is a nutritious and easily digested meal in keeping calves from scurvy. They commence to eat the meal when ten days to two weeks old.

"Baas," said the Hottentot, without showing the slightest interest or surprise. "I know you would like to say I wish I had been there to see it. I seen that there was a devil in the woman, and that they would die as she said. When devils do evil in people they always speak the truth, because they can't help it."

Look, boys, I draw a circle in the sand with my foot, and I say some words, and at last the ends touch. There, that is the conclusion of our classification, wife the Englishwoman.

The ends have touched, and they say dead.

And old Silas has taught me to draw the circle of a man's life and what words to say.

And now I draw another of Baas Frank's. All there is a star sticking up in the way.

The stars will not touch. But now I work and work and work with my foot, and say the words and say the words, and so the stars come up and the ends touch now.

So it is with Baas Frank. One day the stars will come up and the ends will touch, and the two will die in blood. The devil in the Englishwoman said so, and devils cannot lie or speak half the truth only. And now, look, I find

my foot over the circles and they are gone, and there is only the path again. That means

that when they have died in blood they will be quite forgotten and stamped out. Even

their graves will be [lost], and he wrinkled up his yellow face into a smile, or rather a grin, and nodded in a matter-of-fact way:

"Does the last wish the gray may have to leave the bundle of green forage or two?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### COLD IN HEAD

In all its stages there should be easiness.

Ely's Cream Balm

causes smooth and fair complexion.

It is a strong medicine.

It

**The Mercury.**

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, November 18, 1899.

It is said that this country is to witness a big financial panic in January. Forewarned is forearmed.

The Republican success in South Dakota indicates that the constituents of Senator Pettigrew are not so ashamed of their country as he fancied they were.

The Portsmouth ear barn robbers are at last safely housed at Cranston. It will be many years before they again have the opportunity to create so much of a sensation.

Roger Q. Mills will not stamp the State of Texas for the Republican ticket, but he admits that business is much better now than it was when President McKinley was sworn in.

The New York General Assembly will have over thirty Republican majority, and the majority throughout the State for that party is more than double what Governor Roosevelt received.

During the first six months of the year Nebraska paid off 14,126 mortgages amounting to \$11,650,501.53. At that rate the Western farmers will soon have no use for Bryan's cheap money, with which to get themselves out of debt.

The little Orange Free State is annexing territory freely by proclamation. For a government with less than 100,000 inhabitants its imperialistic appetite is immense. But if it doesn't annex things now in a hurry the opportunity may be lost.

The new jail succeeded in holding the desperate men who robbed the Newport and Fall River road, notwithstanding the fact that a few of the people in the upper part of the state thought that Newport was not capable of taking care of them.

President J. D. Cummings of the Wisconsin Conference of Latter Day Saints claims that the Mormon religion is taking a strong foothold in that state. Particularizing, he says that a branch organized at Milwaukee has now twenty-two members, and it had only one a year ago. Some of the converts go West.

The millionaire residents of Rye, N. Y., were astonished Sunday morning to see a trolley road in process of construction through one of their favorite streets. As it was Sunday they could not get out an injunction and the ruthless work went on. The millionaire residents of Lenox have been menaced in the same way, and if they are wise they will keep a patrol on Saturday nights hereafter.

Ex-Mayor Stokley estimates that the City of Philadelphia will need to expend \$2,000,000 more to complete its big marble City Hall, and there will be nothing left of this sum to provide the furniture required in the added rooms. That is as bad as the new white elephant Ex-Governor Ladd & Co., are building on the sand hill behind the Consolidated Roads' freight yards in Providence.

It is now important that every man who wishes to vote during the coming year and who does not pay a property tax, go to the city clerk's office and register his name. All those who fail to do so register before December 31 will be deprived of the right of franchise during the year 1900. This will be a very important year. There will be a governor, general assembly, and other state officers to be elected in April, a United States senator in June, a member of Congress in November, a President and a Vice President of the United States at the same time, and also a Mayor and City Council for Newport. This ought to be enough to induce all good citizens to desire to become voters.

Probably the report is true which says that the President, in his annual message to Congress in December, will urge that body to formally annex the Philippines. The majority of the people want annexation. Undoubtedly the majority of Congress favor this policy. Nobody believes the country in any case will give up the islands. Therefore, the correct thing to do is for Congress to make this point plain to all the contractionists by passing a bill or resolution specifically showing that the Philippines are not only part of the American Republic, but that the American people intend to keep them, and to give them a better government than they ever had before, or than they could have under the rule of any of their chiefs.

It appears that the British reverses in South Africa have not yet ceased and it must be admitted that the Boers' victories are due not only to the stubborn fighters of the rank and file but also to the very able commanders. The assault on the British armored train on Thursday was an evidence of a well planned and successfully managed maneuver and while the result is not at all disastrous to the British cause it has the effect of creating a feeling of unrest and insecurity in England. Among the misings as a result of this engagement is Lieutenant Churchill, the son of Lady Randolph Churchill. It is well that the Boers make the most of their advantages now, for when Great Britain mobilizes her great force in South Africa that is now on the way there, the war can have but one result and that will be the end of the Transvaal Republic.

**A Big Army.**

The British troops are pouring into South Africa by transport loads. Two transports arrived at Cape Town recently, raising the re-enforcements from the first army corps to a total of 12,600. Nine more transports with about 11,000 men are due now. When these come in and reach the front, the balance of numbers, which at the opening of hostilities were distinctly in favor of the Boers, will have turned to the British side. By running count, the regular troops in South Africa, including the 11,000 whose arrival is expected today, show an aggregate of 35,616 men, to which 20,000 may be added for the volunteers raised in the colonies, in all about 55,000. From this number, perhaps 5000 should be deducted for the killed, wounded and prisoners, leaving a force of 33,000 men to take the field. This is a larger number than the Boers can make from the population of the two Dutch republics, and a liberal allowance of foreign volunteers. And hardly more than half of the reinforcements from England have come in. By running count, there are still about 24,000 troops of the first army corps which are hurrying to the cape mainships, and in addition 10,000 men of the second corps are getting ready for embarkation in England. It is a mighty muster.

**To Abolish Tolls.**

An exchange says: Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central Railroad, proposes to hand his name down to history fame by inaugurating a movement for the abolition of the "tip" on dining and sleeping cars. If Mr. Daniels succeeds in his laudable effort to prevent the fastening on the American public the European and socially, morally and politically un-American system of tipping, he will have earned the gratitude of the united people, irrespective of age, sex or condition, although perhaps not with respect to previous condition of servitude. To him, as the man who abolished the tip, remotest lands and unborn times shall attest. Daniels arches. Mr. Daniels may or may not think the tip is demoralizing, degrading men who receive it from the honest and manly business relations; but he only insists that it is unnecessary and an imposition. The employing company should pay its employees a living wage, as the railroad company does, he contends, and not compel them to exist on the doles of the passengers. It will give the employee a new self-respect and responsibility to raise him to the level of the railroad hands who would dare tip a brakeman and freeze the passenger from a burden which he now bears as incomplainingly as he can.

**New Department.**

The establishment of the proposed Bureau of Colonial Affairs, which has been under consideration for some time past by the President and his Cabinet, will be effected within the next two or three weeks.

The nature of the business to be transacted by the new bureau has been practically decided upon, and it is said that all that remains to be done to make its establishment a fact is the selection of a head and corps of clerks. Robert P. Porter, who was sent by President McKinley to Cuba immediately preceding the Spanish-American war to make an investigation and report upon the conditions then prevailing, has been offered the chairmanship of the bureau and is now considering the matter.

Mr. Porter has other duties which now occupy a great portion of his time, and he has expressed doubt of his ability to accept the appointment. It is thought he will give his answer to Mr. McKinley within the next few days, when either Mr. Porter will be given the position or some one else will be selected.

As soon as a selection can be made the office will be established and will enter upon its duties attending to the business of the colonies. The new bureau will be under the direct supervision of the Secretary of War and will be provided with apartments in the War State and Navy building.

**The Right of Expansion.**

Chief Justice Marshall affirmed the right of expansion in the following charge to a jury:

"If territory be ceded by treaty the acquisition is confirmed whether the territory was purchased or conquered, and the ceded territory becomes a part of the nation to which it is annexed, either on the terms stipulated in the terms of cession or on such as its new master shall impose. The relations of the inhabitants with their former sovereign are dissolved and new relations are created between them and the government which has acquired the territory. The same act which transfers their country transfers the allegiance of those who remain in it, and the law which is denominated political is necessarily changed, although that which regulates the intercourse and general conduct of individuals remains in force until altered by the newly created power of state."

This rather upsets Candidate Bryan's assertion that the United States has no right to assert its authority over the Philippines without the consent of the inhabitants.

**Buying up Cuba.**

A newspaper published at Manzanillo, Cuba, by Manuel Estrada in its issue of October 21, the last edition received at Washington, contains an account of the reported transfer of two great estates which is said to have become the property of a United States Senator, whose name is not given. The estates are the Tinguaná and the San Rafael, and before the transfer were the property of Senor Carlos Ross. The sum reported to have been paid for the property is \$120,000. The Tinguaná estate is equipped with machinery and buildings, but the San Rafael property is without these accessories. It is said to be the intention of the Senator to improve the estates and to colonize many American families on these lands.

The Echo of Holguin, in the last issue to reach the United States, says that the vast plantation of Carbonica has been sold by Guardia & Co. to an American company, which in a few days will begin the work of constructing many modern buildings for the purpose of bringing down from the United States several hundred American families.

**Bill Nye's Advertisement.**

Owing to my ill health I will sell at my residence in township nineteen, range eighteen, according to government survey, one plush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is a good milker and is not afraid of cars or anything else. She is undaunted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home by means of a stay-chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will agree to treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

Gen. Edward Grady reports that a farmer in St. Thomas Parish, near Charleston, S. C., derives an annual income of \$6,000 to \$8,000 by silk culture, and that some of his neighbors get from \$800 to \$1,000 a year from the same product as a "silk crop," and "without neglecting other plantation work."

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for recovery of a pistol that cannot be traced by Hills' Catalogue.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney honorable in all business transactions and thoroughly able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

John W. Thompson, Toledo, Ohio.

Hill's Catalogue Case is taken internally, setting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 56¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hill's Family Pillbox the best.

**WEEKLY ALMANAC.**

NOVEMBER. STANDARD TIME

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
Sun Moon 2d day, 5h 25m, meridian.	Sun Moon 3d day, 5h 13m, meridian.	Sun Moon 4th day, 5h 01m, meridian.	Sun Moon 5th day, 4h 49m, meridian.	Sun Moon 6th day, 4h 37m, meridian.	Sun Moon 7th day, 4h 25m, meridian.	Sun Moon 8th day, 4h 13m, meridian.
11 Sat	12 Sun	13 Mon	14 Tue	15 Wed	16 Thu	17 Fri
18 Sat	19 Sun	20 Mon	21 Tue	22 Wed	23 Thu	24 Fri
25 Sat	26 Sun	27 Mon	28 Tue	29 Wed	30 Thu	31 Fri

New Moon 3d day, 5h 25m, meridian.

First Quarter 25th day, 5h 12m, meridian.

Last Quarter 30th day, 5h 20m, meridian.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.****Farms to Rent.**

A. O'D. Taylor.

Real Estate Agent, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Has inquiries for farms in Middlebury et al., of various sizes and agricultural purposes, to let or to sell to those who will please communicate with Mr. Taylor as soon as possible. Farms with residences preferable—near city or town.

Middlebury farmers are respectively requested to note the advertisement. Would like to hire for 1 or 3 years.

**Marriages.**

In this city, 14th Inst., William H. H. son of William W. and Nellie M. Taylor, aged 1 day.

In this city, 15th Inst., John Francis, son of Dennis J. and Hannah J. Sullivan, aged 14 years, 3 months and 25 days.

In this city, 16th Inst., Mary Balch, in the 21st year of her age, to James Balch, in the 21st year of his age.

In North Tiverton, 17th Inst., John Garvey, aged 29 years.

In Little Compton, 18th Inst., Thomas Warren Repton, in his 54th year.

In Fall River, 19th Inst., Nellie E., wife of William H. H. son of William W. and Nellie M. Taylor, aged 19 years.

In Fall River, 19th Inst., Elizabeth Martin, aged 26 years.

In Fall River, 19th Inst., Esther, widow of John Smith.

In Fall River, 19th Inst., Mary Benjamin, aged 21 years, and mother of Rev. George W. Brown, in his 26th year.

In Fall River, 19th Inst., Patrick Barnes, aged 30 years.

In Pawtucket, 19th Inst., Frederick Allen, son of Samuel H. and Elizabeth C. Ormsbee, in his 23d year.

In Pawtucket, 19th Inst., Jas. G. Robinson, in his 44th year, a widow, Lydia W. Williams, aged 14th, Joseph Rogers, aged 16.

In Pawtucket, 19th Inst., William W. White, in his 31st year.

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In

## CAUGHT IN A TRAP

**Loss of More Than a Hundred Men Near Estcourt.**

**Shows That Boers Are Rapidly Pushing Their Positions Southward.**

**Stories of the Death of Commander Julian Are Not Credited in London.**

**London, Nov. 17.—The worst British disaster since that at Nicholson's Nek is reported from Estcourt.**

A British armored train reconnoitering to the north was derailed and shelled by the Boers and most of the force on board were either killed or captured.

Special dispatches from Estcourt estimate the killed, wounded and missing of the armored train contingent at from 110 to 150. The missing include Lieutenant Winston Churchill and Captain Haldane. The only hope is that some escaped over the veldt and will return to Estcourt in a few days.

Through the most heroic efforts on the part of the men, with Lieutenant Churchill at their head, they got the engine and tender back on the track again and the few who were able to get back on board ran the engine back to Estcourt.



**There's nothing in Ivory Soap but soap, good, pure vegetable-oil soap. There's nothing to make the linens streaky, no alkali to injure the finest textures. The lather forms quickly and copiously, and wash-day is a pleasure instead of a drudgery. Try it for the next wash. The price places it within reach of every one. Look out for imitations.**

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## Trolley Jammed a Trestle.

New York, Nov. 17.—A dozen passengers, riding on a trolley car of the Jersey City, Passaic, and Paterson line, dropped with the car a distance of 10 feet from the trestle over Weasel Brook, near Clifton, a mile from Passaic, N. J., yesterday. All but one were injured. The car was traveling at the rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour. It leaped from the rails and dropped over the side of the trestle.

## Full as Full as Government.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The report of the board of inspection and survey on the recent official test of the submarine boat Holland has been given out by the secretary of the navy. The board reports that all the requirements of the department were fulfilled by the Holland on this trial.

## A Safe Tie.

London, Nov. 17.—The Hamburg-American steamer Patria, Captain Froehlich, which left New York Nov. 4 for Hamburg, and passed the Lizard Tuesday, is on her way Dover. All of the passengers were rescued and have arrived at Dover.

## M. E. Chaper in Armenia.

Berlin, Nov. 17.—The Frankfurter Zeitung announces that Dr. Beck, the well-known German traveler, reports that fighting has taken place between the Armenians and Kurds in the village of Erzeroum, Armenia, 50 persons having been murdered there.

## DO YOU KNOW

WE SELL STRICTLY HIGH GRADE

Furniture and Housefurnishings

—ON—

## Liberal Terms of Credit?

It costs no more than the cheap stuff generally sold in this way, and it lasts your life time.

This is our specialty, we don't know of any other firm in New England who does it our way. We have a large cash business, too, where you get a discount that makes the strictly cash store feel that ruin stares them in the face.

## Ever Been In Here?

Why don't you come, we'll be glad and so will you before you go away.

If you decide to purchase, we pay your fare here and home again.

## ONE HUNDRED ROCKERS,

Like Cut, \$2.95,

Full Roll Arm and Back,  
Made Right to Wear, Com-  
fortable, too.



The Household Furniture Co.,

231-237 WEYBOSSET STREET,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

## ROBERTS WILL NOT RESIGN.

Was Elected on Purely Political Lines and Is Free from Church Influence.

Brigham H. Roberts, the polygamous Mormon congressman-elect from Utah, against whom a fight is being waged throughout the country to prevent his being seated in the house of representatives, is at present in New York. He has come out in an authorized statement in which he emphatically denies the report that he is to resign.

BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS.

It was stated in Washington dispatches that Roberts intended to resign after being sworn in, in order to avoid the ventilation of the international concerns of the Mormon church, sure to follow if his status in the house was attacked and an investigation committee appointed.

"All nonsense," said Mr. Roberts to a newspaper man. "When I came east I have seen many such stories, but there is absolutely no truth in them and absolutely no basis for the statements set forth."

"I will say as emphatically as I can say it that I do not intend to resign, and never have had any such intention since my election. I was fairly elected, and propose to fulfil it to the end with all the vigor at my command."

"I have also heard it said, and have seen it in print, that the presence of many Mormons of influence in New York is the chief cause of the purpose of the press at times to the purpose of inducing me to resign my seat and go back to Utah."

"The Mormon church has no more to do with politics than the Episcopal church or the Roman Catholic church. It is not in politics. I was elected on purely political lines, and will go to congress absolutely free of this so-called church influence over me."

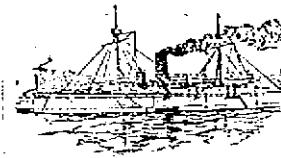
## WRECK OF THE CHARLESTON.

One of Our Finest Cruisers Strikes a Reef While Patroling Asiatic Waters.

Manila, Nov. 17.—The United States cruiser Charleston, which had been patrolling the northern coast of Luzon, was wrecked on a reef off the northwest coast on Nov. 7.

All of her officers and crew have been saved.

The Charleston has been in Asiatic waters more than a year. She was one of the first vessels to be sent to Manila after the destruction of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Dewey. She carried



CHARLESTON.  
ammunition and other supplies for the Asiatic station. Previous to sailing for Manila she had been overhauled at the Mare Island navy yard, and was in prime condition. The Charleston belonged to that class of vessels commonly referred to as the "new navy." She had a full complement of officers and crew. The naval register issued at the beginning of the present year gives her commander as Captain William H. Whiting, and her lieutenant commander Gottfried Blieking.

The cruiser Charleston, which was built in San Francisco in 1888, had a displacement of 3,200 tons, was 212 feet 7 inches in length, 46 feet 2 inches in beam, and 21 feet 6 inches in draught. She was of steel, having two propellers, one funnel and two masts with military tops.

She had the following armament: Two eight-inch guns, six six-inch guns, four six-pounders, two three-pounders, six one-pounders, two machine guns and one light gun with four torpedo tubes. She had a complement of 596.

## TOOKS OVER THE VIMS.

Brigadier General Funston was asked at Topeka what he thought of General Otis' management of the Philippine war.

"Of course," he replied, "some of us were at times somewhat restless, and thought General Otis was not aggressive enough in his operations, but there may have been reasons and influences of which we knew nothing. He is cautious, but he is able, and he is ambitious to serve his country faithfully and well. While some of us at times may think he is a trifle too slow in pushing things, time may demonstrate the wisdom of his course."

General Funston was asked how far he thought Aguinaldo could get before General Lawton could capture him.

"I don't very much if Aguinaldo will ever be captured," he replied. "Aguinaldo is an able fellow, and is full of tricks. I am afraid General Lawton will find him very slippery. My opinion is that Aguinaldo will make his escape from the island and go to Hong Kong when he realizes that the jig is up with him. I look for this to transpire within the next few months, although it is purely a matter of conjecture. One thing is certain—Aguinaldo will not give up the fight until he has played his last card."

"I think we were hampered at first by not having enough men, but when the soldiers now enroute reach their destination I believe the army will be sufficiently large to end the war."

## EVERY 5¢ GIVES THE VIMS.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The active encouragement of education in our new colonial possessions is urged, and the present educational system in Hawaii commended in the annual report of the commissioner of education for the fiscal year just closed. The Hawaiian school system is described as remarkable for its completeness. The report quotes statistics of 1898 to show the grand total of enrollment in all schools, elementary, secondary, and higher, public and private, in the United States, as 16,857,643, an increase of almost 500,000 over 1897.

## NEWPORT ART STORE,

MERCURY BUILDING.

## New Stock.

ELEGANT ETCHINGS, size 20x10, framed in 1 and 5-inch gilt frames—\$5.00\*  
Just the thing to hang over a mantle or piano.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Handsome Box Stationery, Imported Cut Glass Ink  
Stands, Paper Weights, Ivory Finish Playing  
Cards and Cards of Cheaper Grade,  
Paper Cutter, Mantle Orna-  
ments, Whist  
Prizes.

and a thousand things too numerous to mention. All new designs  
this fall. No old goods. All IMPORTED stock.

PICTURES FRAMED now at one-half the regular prices.  
Largest stock of MOULDINGS to select from in the city.  
Headquarters for ARTIST MATERIALS AND STATIONERY.  
Windsor Newton's Common Colors, in tubes, 7 cents each.  
Fine Bristle Brushes, only 8 cents each.  
Complete line of these goods always on hand.

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Diamond Medal\* Flour,  
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possible to make, besides having a flour the most productive in  
the world.)

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A most remarkable good Tea, Formosa or English Breakfast,  
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Raisins, Loose Muscatel,

An elegant rich, sweet Wine, Port or Sherry.

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NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell Street.

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**Selected Tale.****"Only a Civilian."**

She had fallen in love with an undesirable young man, a scoundrel with absolutely no means but his pay; so they packed her off to stay with Aunt Janet, who had a house at the seashore, and spent her life in good works.

It was only the middle of May, and Vera found it very dull.

One day a car and some luggage arrived at the lodging-house next door.

"He looks rather nice. What a pity we don't know him! The only thing under sixty I have seen since I came."

The young lady held her parasol discreetly over her pretty head, gazing with great absorption out to sea—as if she had failed to observe the presence of a well-favored young man in the adjoining balcony.

"Now if my hat or handkerchief would blow away as they do in books—Old Good gracious!"

Neither of these usual experiments had taken place; but about a quarter of an hour later, from an open window something suddenly descended with a heavy bang on the sunshade, and fell in splinters of broken wood and glass on the gravel below.

"I beg a thousand pardons! How can I ever atone for my carelessness? Are you—very much hurt?"

The author of the outrage had leapt downstairs, and over the barrier between the balconies, and now gazed in consternation at the startled maiden, as her dark-blue eyes dilated with indignation, her red lips parted angrily.

"I don't know; I am not sure. Was it a bomb?" she demanded severely.

"Only my curtain," he answered penitently. "I had gone up to my bedroom to take a snapshot of you. I am afraid it was very impudent."

"Very," drawing herself up stiffly.

"And, somehow, the thing fell out of my hand."

"I might have been killed—as pointing to the fragments below—"I fear that is."

"Oh, that can't be helped. It serves me right. Salute," anxiously, "do you have not suffered?"

"I don't think there is any serious damage," she said, with a smile, straightening the solar hat over her bright hair, ruffled, but secure; "but of course it was a shock. Hadn't you, as he remained regarding her, with a pair of frank brown eyes, 'hadn't you better pick the thing up—and my sunshade'?"

"You feel well enough to be left? Shall I call my doctor?"

"There is no one to call. My aunt has gone to a meeting. There seems to be nothing but 'meetings' here."

"Sometimes," he murmured, audibly, "meetings are rather nice. I, at least, cannot complain of mine; and he hurried away from her severe eyes to gather up the relics that remained.

Presently, as they examined them together:

"I think I know your aunt," he said—"an elderly lady with a long cloak and poke bonnet; she was kind enough to give me a seat when I survived."

"Really?" The girl's lips quivered with amusement. "I hope it will do you good. She goes down to the railway to meet the excursion trains; my aunt is very good!"

"Then I can feel for you. I paid a visit once to a person of great excellence."

"Only once? You were never asked again, of course."

"Never."

And then they both laughed, for they were young and dull.

But she had been exceedingly well "brought up," and it occurred to her suddenly that she was conversing with a stranger, so she took up her book and began to read, and he carried his wounded marching across the barrier.

The next morning she was sitting on the shore thinking of her lover, when presently the "snapshot" gentleman came along, fresh and sunburnt, a towel slung around his neck—after his bath—and a little fox terrier at his heels.

Vera looked enchantingly pretty, with the deep blue of the sea reflected in her soft eyes, and a little bit of testing on her auburn hair, and he stopped to inquire after her health.

"You have had no headache—or anything? Oh, how relieved I am!"

"Were you so anxious?" with a bewitching glance. Then she bethought herself of the proprieties, and contemplated the ocean.

"I have thought of something," he said gravely. "We seem to be companions in misfortune here, so it's a pity we shouldn't talk. Would you be more comfortable if we were formally introduced? Sir James"—the terrier advanced—"will you make me known to this young lady? Hugh Clavering, student of law, and—Miss—"

"Hamilton."

"Are you fond of sailing?" he asked by-and-by, "because I have chartered a jolly little craft for this afternoon. One can't read all day, and if you would come, our mutual friend Sir James would be one of the party, and chaperone us."

"It would be very nice," she said doubtfully. "Aunt Janet goes round her district this afternoon. After all," she said to herself, "it isn't as if I were not heart-broken—and engaged—and one can't feel all day!"

"A nice, well-spoken young man! I noticed him behind you at the temperance meeting last night; probably he was tonched by my address. I slipped a tract into his hand in passing on the parade this morning, and he took off his hat and thanked me, saying the tract was 'most appropriate.'"

"What was it, Auntie?"

"Tarry not. The hour is at hand," the elder Miss Hamilton repeated solemnly.

"So it is!" Her face sprang suddenly to her feet. "I am going out, Auntie; you do not want me?"

"No," and as the girl tripped away, "I leave her a good deal to herself. Nature and silence are the best balm for a wounded heart. And the child looks brighter every day."

Aunt Janet had had her own romance in her time.

"I can't think," Vera said pettishly, when all Mr. Clavering's efforts to impart instruction in the noble art of throwing "ducks and drakes" resulted in her pelting him at once into the high tide, whilst his deftly skimming the surface of the water, rose and fell half-a-dozen times or more, "why you can't show me how to do it. I am so quick at learning things. Dick would have taught me in half the time."

"Dick?" Mr. Clavering faced about slowly. "And who may I ask, is Dick?"

"Why, of course, my fiance," Vera reddened, check was turned a little away; "but—I suppose—you did not know?"

"No," very slowly, "I did not know. It never occurred to you to mention it. I

suppose—you have been engaged—all along then?"

"Of course! How stupid you are! As if I could have got engaged to any one here, except to—!" She broke off suddenly, a hot rush of color over her cheeks, as their eyes met and looked away again.

He gave a little laugh. "Except to me, you were going to say. Well, I really don't see how you could."

"You see," she said, stopping to choose the flattest pebbles for their game, "it isn't exactly an engagement, because father won't allow it, but we have vowed to be true to each other always, and we write every day at least," hesitating, "we did at first."

"And now?"

"Well," with a petulant swing, "there isn't much to say. It is a like this, one day is the same as another." She threw another stone, which sailed the fate of the rest.

"Well, it can't be helped; first, come, first served. Sir James and I must console ourselves, that's all."

This was bearing it too well,

"I should like Dick to hear you," she said, flushing scarlet again, her blue eyes flashing. "Dick would never forgive himself—if I were to give him up. He would make away with himself at once; he has told me so again and again. Dick worships the very ground I walk on; he cannot eat or sleep, or dote, while I am away. And in any case," she added, stung by his nonchalance, though his face was very white, "it couldn't have made any difference if I had known you first. I should never have married a civilian. Never!"

"All then that's settled?" He rose.

Sir James did the same, and stretched himself. "We've had my snapshot, though it missed. Shall we go back now?"

That night Vera went to bed early, but she could not sleep, so she got out Dick's letters and read them through again. They were very long at the beginning, but very short towards the end. "One day was like another" with him also, perhaps. There had been a review, and endless drills and parades; the general had kept them at it night and day; he had no time to write, but he was ever her devoted, etc.

Vera yawned a little over the letters; she had read them all before, and they were very much alike. They were all sent out on the shoulder when she went to sleep at last.

When she awoke it was with a strange stifled sensation in her throat. Gasping for breath—dense smoke filled the room—she ran to the window, but when she opened it the smoke burst into great tongues of flame between her bed and the door. She shrieked wildly for help; then something clutched her by the throat, and she sank down.

Afterwards, she remembered only a confused noise of shouts and falling timber, a tall form bursting in the door; she did not know whether it was in a dream or not that a deep, caressing voice intonated passionately: "Saved! Thank heaven, I have saved you, my darling!" But it seemed as if she were being borne away through scorching fire and smoke—there was a crash—then oblivion.

"And you never thanked or spoke to him again after saving your life! Why, Vera, how could you be so heartless?"

"I tell you we never saw him again. Aunt Janet sent me home the next afternoon. You see, all my clothes were burnt, and—Dick's letters. By-the-bye, where is Dick? Why hasn't he been to see me?"

"How should he? Father has forbidden him the house, Vera," Laura regarded her sister a little strangely, "are you still very much gone on Dick?"

"Of course I am." She flushed crimson. "Why should you ask? It was through my reading his letters over that the bed caught fire. Dear fellow, it would break his heart if I were to change," she sighed sentimentally; "how rejoiced he will be to have my back! Do you see him often, Laura? He said he would try and meet you every day, to talk of me?"

"I see him, yes," slowly, "but we have not talked much lately; Vera."

"I broke off suddenly then: "The fact is—you must know it soon, so there is no harm in telling you—Dick has not been behaving very well. You remember Mrs. Revereys?"

"The widow with the money, and the dyed hair, of course."

"Well, she always hated you—ever since her fringe blew out of the window, when she was dressing for dinner, and you picked it up and returned it with your compliments."

"What of that? Dick would never look at her."

"I am afraid," slowly, "he looks at her very often. She made a dead set at him as soon as you went; and they are always together—riding—hunting—"

"Hunting?" Vera interrupted in righteous indignation, her eyes flashing, her breast heaving with emotion. "Oh, how shameful! How could he—while I—"

She stopped suddenly; in her ears there rang a vague, deep and tender: "Thank heaven, I have saved you, my darling!"

July had passed into August; the summer was already on the wane. There was an afternoon dance at the barracks.

Vera Hamilton was looking lovely in a soft, cream-colored gown, with splashes of palest gold at throat and waist. There was a wistful look about her pretty mouth; and the blue eyes were not quite so bright as of yore. For the moment she was not dancing, she was tired and hot, she said.

A party of folks from a big house in the neighborhood arrived rather late; with them a tall man, with brown hair and eyes, who carried his right arm in a sling, and whom the great lady of the country presented as "My cousin, Sir Hugh Clavering."

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**Some Old Dances.**

With us the dance is such a trivial pleasure that we are apt to forget that in earlier days it played a most important part in the social affairs of life. Dances were a part of the religious life of the Egyptians, Jews, Romans, Greeks and early Christians, even priests taking part in them, and this with the most serious intention. We shall deal with this aspect of the subject at another time, our intention now being to describe some of the old dances, especially those of Egyptian, Persian and Roman origin. Here we shall draw no distinction between sacred and profane dances, but the distinction was well marked.

The armed dance is the oldest of all non-religious dances. It was executed with the assistance of the sword, spear and buckler. It is the same dance that was called Memphis by the Greeks, who attributed its invention to Midas. In this dance all the military evolutions were imitated, and it was the parent of many others of a similar kind.

The astronomical dance was the invention of the Egyptians. The dances, by varied movements, and by well-defined figures, and with the assistance of characteristic music, represented the order and the course of the stars and the harmony of their movements. This dance became naturalized in Greece, and was represented on their stage.

Bacchic dances is the name given to those dances said to have been invented by Bacchus, and which were danced by the Satyrs and Bacchantes. These dances were of three species—the grave, the gay and a mixture of the two.

Rustic dances were invented by Pan—the gods invented everything, and it was his desire that they should be performed in the woods in pleasant weather. The Greeks and Romans were very careful to dance them with the utmost solemnity in celebrating the festivals of the god who was said to have invented them. They were lively and gay in character, and were danced by young men and maidens crowded with oak and with garlands of flowers that fell down over the shoulders and were fastened on the right side.—*Exchange.*

**Earned His Fee.**

In the hallway of a Philadelphia doctor's house stands a fine example of a grandfather's clock, the possession of which the medical man owes entirely to the skill of the clockmaker.

Some years ago the doctor in question set his heart upon such a timepiece, and devoted two of his vacations to clock hunting. He visited many New England families without success, as old furniture has been pretty well gathered up by the dealers ("down east," and then carried his quest into Delaware and Maryland where he found many old clocks, but none of them for sale. He was about to return home disconsolate, when he was called into consultation over a patient dying of quinsy. The resources of medicine had been exhausted, when the Quaker City doctor brought him an old snuffbox he had picked up during his wanderings, in which still lingered a modicum of snuff! pungent as yore. With this powdered tobacco the doctor assailed the nostrils of the sick man, who, squeezing violently, broke the abscess in his throat that was choking him to death. Stimulants were administered and the sick man recovered. The Philadelphia doctor left the place the morning after this remarkable operation, but he had not been home a week before the grateful Marylander sent him a grandfather's clock, accompanied by a card on which was written: "This clock, which struck the hour of my birth, would have marked also the hour of my death if your skill and knowledge had not stayed the hand of the destroyer."—*New York Press.*

**Hofmann's Independence.**

Josef Hofmann, the famous young pianist, is fond of all sorts of sports, especially of skating, in which as a boy, he excelled. When visiting St. Petersburg a year or two ago Josef was summoned to play before the ex-Empress, the hour being named from 3 to 4 in the afternoon. It was a perfect day. The Neva was frozen over, of course, and the skating was at its height. Immediately after luncheon Josef's father found his son dressing as if to go to the palace.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To play for the Empress."

"But you are not going until 3 o'clock."

"Three o'clock! If I wait until then it will be too late to go skating. I'm going now."

He went. And it is not a surprise to any one who knows Hofmann to learn that he played for the ex-Empress as soon as he reached the palace, and that he then went off and skated the rest of the afternoon.

**His Cognomen.**

He boards on Winder street and is the youngest brother of a Detroit lawyer. He hasn't been away from school long, and what he thinks he has forgotten would fill a volume.

The young ladies at the table try to squeeze him with

# CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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THE CENTURION COMPANY, 12 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## Fashions in Overalls.

"All overalls look alike to chappies who pay \$15 a pair for their trousers," said a guest in the garmented lobby, "but you're badly mistaken if you imagine they offer no field for the exercise of taste. The average working-man is very particular about the cut, finish, trimmings and color of his overalls, and there are fashions in them the same as anything else."

"The correct shade in overalls is 'golden hue.' It comes in denim goods and shows a deep blue ground, with small yellow threads. There is also a crimson blue and a blue white, but they are not so swell. To be strictly in style your overalls should be golden blue, with double front, brass buttons and a cavalry seat. The cavalry seat is a foilie that comes out of the west, like young Lochinvar, and is simply a good-sized reinforcement, edged upward with a double row of fine yellow thread. It is considered very chic."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## His Own Dentist.

A Foxcraft man who was suffering from a toothache while seven miles from a dentist, attended to the aching molar himself by tying a fish tail around it, fastened the other end of the line to the post of the piazza and sitting down quickly. This rambled a bath mat of a neighbor of his who always extracted his own teeth. If an upper one had fed a string around it, with heavy weight at the other end of the line, mounted to the haymow and dropped the stone. If a lower tooth was the one aching, he stood on the floor and threw the weight up over a door.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## Righteous Soul.

"You are bitter enough on the Trusts now," spoke up a man in the audience, "but I happen to know that you belonged to one for several years." "I did my fellow citizens!" thundered the orator. "But when I became fully aware to the enormity of the thing, I did my best to crush that Trust. I sold my factories to that Trust, my fellow-citizens, at twice what they were worth, in cash!"

## She Knew by Experience.

Careful Housekeeper, "Bridget, you may get all the preserves we canned last year, and boil them up again, I am afraid they have begun to work."

Bridget, "Like enough, ma'am, like enough. Everything round this house has to."

## Undesirable Remedy.

Jones. Had a fit with the wife, eh? Well, don't feel so downhearted over it, old man. A thunderstorm clears the air, you know."

Brown. Yes, that may be true, but it don't help a man who has been struck by the lightning.

## Such Impertinence.

Mrs. Harduppe. John, the butcher we had who lived at the other end of the town has found out our address. He called with last year's bill and was very impertinent.

Mr. Harduppe (hotly). Impertinent, was he? Well, now, we'll just let him wait for his money.

Many good stories are told in legal circles in Ireland of encounters between lawyers and judges in court. John Philpot Curran, in the early days of his struggle at the bar, appeared in case before Lord Chancellor Clare, and laid down some points of law which did not find favor in the mind of the judge. "If that be law I may as well burn my books," said Lord Clare. "Better read them, my lord," replied Curran.—New York Gael:

It is related of a certain evangelist in Ireland that he was in the habit of addressing his audience as "Dear Souls," wherever he happened to be conducting services. When he was in Belfast, it was over and over, "Dear Belfast souls," at Dublin, "Dear Dublin souls," and at Cork it was "Dear Cork souls," in which instance his audience was overcome with laughter before he knew what he had said.

Miss Worth—It's considered impolite to give jewelry to a girl to whom you are not engaged.

Mr. Strong—By whom?

Miss Worth—By all the other girls.—Story Stories.

She—What a proud, haughty bearing Mrs. Potters has. She was born to command.

He—Yes, indeed. Even the instructor at the golf links treats her as an equal.—Life.

"Do you believe men show character in the way they carry their umbrellas?"

"No; but they show lack of character in the way they carry other people's umbrellas."

Hibbler—Does your wife help you in your work?

Scribbler—Yes, indeed! She always goes out calling on her friends whilst I am writing.—Tit-Bits.

According to chemical analysis, fifteen parts of the flesh of fish have about the same nutritive value as twelve parts of bouillon beef.

More steel is used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

## Women's Dep't.

### Miss Mary Johnston.

Some egotistical persons, like Professors Harry Thinston Peck and Goldwin Smith, are very positive in their assertions of what women can and cannot do. They measure out the limitations of feminine capacities with a high and mighty assurance which would be impressive if it were not ashame. And just as they affirm that such and such an achievement would be impossible for a woman, lo! some woman distinguishes herself brilliantly in that very line.

A woman may do very well in languages, but cannot excel in mathematics, say the belated critics. And straightforward Philippa Fawcett takes rank above the senior wrangler at one of England's greatest Universities. A woman may write staves of sentiment, but she cannot equal the male novelists in tales of stirring adventure, or titillate historical characters and events with the white light of comprehensive narrative imagination. And here comes a young Southern girl, and weaves for us in the Atlantic Monthly a tale of wild, romantic adventure so powerful as to leave most of the masculine novelists of the day in the background.

The most brilliant story of adventure since "A Gentleman of France" is Miss Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold."

The appearance of "Priscillas of Hope" last season made its young author famous. In responding to a request for some biographical data soon afterward, Miss Johnston wrote:

"Since the loss of my mother, nine years ago, I have been at the head of a large household. I am a busy woman, with many interests and responsibilities, and frail health, and my writing is largely of the nature of fine-work—to be picked up at odd moments when nothing more pressing engages my attention.

A recent number of Time and the Hour contained an interesting sketch of the life of this new addition to the small coterie of American writers of recognized talent. Miss Johnston was born on Nov. 21, 1870, in Buchanan, a town picturesquely situated on the James river, where it breaks through the Blue Ridge, in the heart of one of the loveliest sections in Virginia. Here most of her childhood and early youth was spent. She is a Virginian by birth and ancestry, of a fine Old Dominion family, with strong-blooded Scotch and Scotch-Irish forefathers. Through her mother she is a descendant of one of the thirteen apprentices who closed the gates of Londonderry in the sledge of 1688. Her paternal great-great-grandfather, Peter Johnston, was the first of the family in Virginia, coming from Scotland in 1722. He became planter of wealth and influence in the colony, and was the donor of the funds on which the College of Hampden-Sidney now stands.

Miss Johnston's father is a lawyer. Since the Civil War, in which he was a major of artillery in the Confederate army, he has been connected with internal improvements and industrial development in several Southern States. When Miss Johnston was in her sixteenth year the family moved to Birmingham, Ala., Major Johnston being then engaged in building the Georgia Pacific Railroad, of which he was president. Birmingham has since been her home, with the exception of four years spent in New York. She has travelled much, in her own country and abroad, and in her new home.

The custom of the old glove marriage dates back to the old Dutch colonial days, when they were more common than in these times of rapid and cheap journeys.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Literary Note.**

The Thanksgiving number of the Saturday Evening Post, in its stories, poems, pictures and general articles, will be the most attractive number of the magazine yet issued.

In this number Robert W. Chambers has a seasonable out-of-door story, entitled "The Hunter"—the romance of a poacher's pretty daughter. Other features are: Edwin Markham's latest poem, "The Lyrical See"; "An Electrical Transfusion"—a tale of the Transvaal War by Robert Barr; "At the Dawn," by Octave Thaquet, and "The Minister's Henhouse," a droll story by C. B. Loomis.

Two notable articles in this number are "Lineolu as Candidate and President," by his old friend and political ally, Colonel A. K. McCleire, and "Our New Prosperity," by Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

The Thanksgiving Number of The Saturday Evening Post will be on all news-stands November 23.

## Cartoons by an Empress.

In an illustrated life-story of the Empress of Russia in "The Young Woman," we are told that the Czarina speaks five languages, and that riding, painting, rowing, sketching, swimming and tennis are among her recreations. But one of her favorite amusements is drawing caricatures. Freed from the fear of the censor, she indulges with her pen and pencil in a way which makes even Russian ministrs tremble, drawing them in caricature, which would mean death to any other artist. She has drawn the Czar himself—a scolastic, bearded, bold infant in long clothes tied in an armchair and surrounded by a host of grand dukes and grand duchesses armed with feeding-bottles, all insisting on feeding him a different way. No wonder the Czar is screaming at the top of his voice.—London Globe.

"I'm goin' fast, Amos," said old Miss Walker.

Ames held his gray head in his hands, but said nothing. She had always been the spoke-man, and experience had taught him that silence was the best course.

"You'll be marryin' again when I'm gone, Amos," continued the wife of his bosom.

Still there was no word from Amos. "I say you will marry again," repeated Miss Walker, in sharp rejoinder.

"I don't guess I will," objected the prositively bereaved husband.

"Oh, yes you will," responded she with a triumphant conviction from which there was no appeal, he pleaded.

In a tone of denouncing he pleaded:

"I don't exactly feel like it just now, Sarah."—Waverly Magazine.

Mrs. A. was having the house cleaned preparatory to letting it to a new tenant. It is a superstition that a house should be cleaned under these circumstances, although the new tenant never fails to inform the neighborhood of the shocking condition in which the house was found, and always clean it all over energetically. Mrs. A. had assisted her one of the shaggy "cleaners" that ever tried the soul of a woman. Finding a coat which was supposed to be in order still very dirty, Mrs. A. swept it thoroughly herself. "Mopping Bridget in the hall," she said: "Mrs. Ryan, I thought you said you had swept the front room. Why, I just got a whole dustpanful of dirt out of it." Nothing disconcerted Bridget less easily than a beaming smile. "Dad, you know, ma'am? I got two," she said.

Brother John. And see the baby is four days old, is it? "Pears like it's a pretty bright little thing for its age, Sister Mary quizzingly.—BRIGHT! That's not the word; it's a wonder. Why, the little precious breathes as natural and regular as an adult fifty years old."

"Doctor," said the patient who runs to useless philosophical contemplations, "language appears to me, is one of nature's contradictions." "How so?" "It gives you the shake and yet it stays with you."—Detroit Free Press.

The Solemn Bore—Have you ever reflected that there will be no more time? The Busy Man—I haven't any now.—Indianapolis Journal.

According to chemical analysis, fifteen parts of the flesh of fish have about the same nutritive value as twelve parts of bouillon beef.

The Anglo-Indian Empire contains only 125,181 square miles in Europe, but it has 2,448,176 in Asia, 2,025,616 in Africa, 3,663,823 in America and 3,299,781 in Oceania.

In this box at a stretch and treat us accordingly.

Religion is faith, hope and love in motion.

## WALTER BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa

Costs less than One Cent a cup.

Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.

Established 1760.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

## The Workbox.

### CROCHETED SHOULDER CAPE.

Use eight ounces any shade of Welsh or A. A. Germantown yarn. A long crocheted hook No. 11, six and one-half yards ribbon one inch wide.

Chain 55 stitches at neck.

1st row—One double into each of two stitches, 3 into the next, 2 into the next, 1 chain, pass by 1 stitch, repeat from beginning of the row.

2d row—One double into each of 3 stitches, two into the next; 1 double into each of 3 stitches, chain 2, pass by 1 stitch; repeat from beginning of the row.

3d row—Three chain, 1 treble in each of 3 stitches, 3 in the next, 1 treble into each of 3 stitches, 1 double in next, 2 chain, pass by 2 stitches, 1 double into the next, 1 treble in each of 3 stitches; repeat from (\*) to the end of the row.

4th row—3 chain, 1 treble in each of 4 stitches, 3 in the next, 1 treble in each of 5 stitches, 2 chain, pass by 2 stitches, repeat from (\*) to the end of the row.

Continue to work as described in the last row until you have made the cape about 8 inches deep, then work the border as follows:

1st row—One treble in a stitch, pass by a stitch, 2 trebles separated by 3 chain into next stitch, pass by 1 stitch, repeat from beginning of the row.

2d row—One treble in 1st treble, 2 chain separated by 3 chain under 2 chain, repeat across. The second row is repeated twice more, then three more rows are worked in the same way, with the exception that four instead of three chain must be worked.

For the edge work 5 trebles under each chain and 1 double into the 1st chain, and 1 double into the 1st, pass by 1 stitch at the neck, and make 1 loop at the bottom falling just above the border.

Collar Band—One double into a stitch, 1 stitch, pass by 1 stitch and repeat.

2d row—One treble in each stitch.

3d row—One treble into the first, 3 chain, 1 double into the first, pass by 1 stitch and repeat.

Ribbon is run through the holes at neck.

## Buried in Sections.

Reading an epitaph over the grave of a British soldier, who had lost a leg in India, an arm in Africa and had finally died only a maimed and gaunt body in his native village, reminded Sir Edwin Arnold, so he says, of an inscription which he saw once in Spain. It ran:

"Este es el cuarto sepulcro de Epiphania Calzanares. Dijo de brazos izquierdos en Filipinas, la pierna derecha en Tucumán, la izquierda en Burgos. Aquí reposan sus restos," which signifies:

"This is the fourth burial place of Don Epiphanius Calzanares. He parted with his left arm in the Philippine Islands, with his right thigh in Tucumán, and with his left in Burgos. Here repose what was left of him." After such noble wrecks of warriors lie scattered piecemeal over the globe, how can people object to cremation on the ground that it dissipates the earthly remains?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## Paid By Uncle Sam.

Everyone knows that it costs almost \$400,000,000 a year to run the United States government in times of peace and that the department of war and the navy, the Indian and pension bureaus absorb the larger part of this sum, but in the course of years a large number of dependents upon Uncle Sam's purse have come into being which the general public knows little of.

Such, for example, are the international bureaus for the repression of the African slave trade, located at Brussels, a highly laudable institution, the expenses of which our government contributes \$100 a year; the international bureau of weights and measures, also at Brussels, to which \$2,250 is contributed, and the International Geodetic Association, the expenses of which our government shares to the extent of \$150 yearly.

As a leading member of a group of nations specially interested in human and philanthropic work we subscribe \$25 a year to a light-house service on the coast of Monroe, about \$1,500 to be expended among citizens of other lands for services rendered to shipwrecked American seamen, \$300 a year toward maintaining a hospital for sailors at Panama and \$9,000 for keeping and feeding American convicts imprisoned in foreign countries.

Among the unfamiliar purposes in the home country for which money is appropriated from the Federal treasury is the maintenance of the Washington monument, costing \$11,520 annually, and the provision of artificial limbs for soldiers, calling for \$547,000 a year.

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## Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending notes to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Name and date must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Mailed queries or briefs is equivalent to a query. 4. While on one side of the paper may be a question, on the other side of the paper, the name of the query and the signature, if letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

DIRECTIONS TO R. H. TILLEY, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

## NOTES.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS  
FROM OLD NEWPORT MERCURY.

(Continued)

English, Captain William, from Coast of Africa, died at sea, January 2, 1755. His wife, Mrs., wife of Joshua, Newport, R. I., died June 23, 1762.

Irish, George, and Patience Easton, of Nicholas, Middletown, R. I., married October 27, 1755.

Irish, Edward, Newport, R. I., died December 1, 1755.

Irish, Ephraim, and Sally Perry, of Edward, Newport, R. I., married June 7, 1756.

Irish, Charles, died May 14, 1757, aged 78 years.

Jenckes, Jacob, Hebrew, died March 18, 1758, very old.

Jencks, Moses, formerly of Newport, R. I., died at New York, August 30, 1758.

Graham, John, Bristol, R. I., died August 3, 1759, aged 72 years.

James, William, made, died at sea, forepart of October, 1758, (Of Newport, R. I.)

Jenckes, Daniel, Esq., Providence, R. I., died July 7, 1771, aged 72 years.

Jackson, Captain Henry, died December 9, 1774.

Jenckes, Charles, Providence, R. I., and Debby Cadman, Portsmouth, R. I., married December 12, 1774.

Jefferson, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin, North Kingstown, R. I., died October 26, 1782.

Irish, Jonathan, aged 25, and Constant, aged 29, sons of Charles, Newport, R. I., "drowned from a scow this morning," May 15, 1780.

Jones, John Coffin of Boston, Mass., and Miss Grant, Newport, R. I., married May 18, 1780.

Jenckes, Ebenezer, merchant, Providence, R. I., and Mary Throop Nightingale, of Deacon Samuel, married September 22, 1785.

Jeffers, Joseph and Abby King, widow, North Kingstown, R. I., married November 21, 1795.

James, John, Providence, R. I., and Polly Ingram, Bristol, R. I., married February 2, 1795.

Jenckes, Joanna, widow of Honorable Daniel, died March 22, 1790, aged 92 years.

James, John, of Benjamin, Newport, R. I., died March 1, 1793, aged 26 years.

James, Varina and Nancy Tift, of Colonel George, South Kingstown, R. I., married May 3, 1796.

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Jenckes, Ebenezer, merchant, Providence, R. I., and Sally Sheldon, Cranston, of James, married December 31, 1793, Mary, daughter of David and Mary (Courtman) Ege. When did he die? Wethersfield records finish the entry of the children of Thomas and Mary Stedman thus—"Ensl. J. S. died 25 Nov. 1794." Was Ensl. J. S. the father of Thomas, or should we read T. for J?

The sixth child of Thomas and Mary Stedman was Justus, born May 24, 1811.

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